THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 27] SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1805. [Whole No. 131

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 202.

MELMOT whose thoughts were solely occupied with plans to avoid a rencounter with Percival, now determined upon an immediate meeting with lord Brauncestown, against whom his bosom still burnt with resentment. He accordingly wrote and received an immediate answer, that his lordship would attend him that evening, at six, in Hyde Park. The intervening time was employed in settling his temporal concerns; and among the letters to his friends, which contained an exculpation of his character, was one recommending Maria to the protection of Miss Newcombe. To avoid the pain that must be occasioned to him by the parting from her he so tenderly loved, he absented himself from home the whole day; a measure that gave the most serious concern to the family at home.

Easily finding a gentleman willing to accompany him, he met lord Brauncestown at the stated hour; and as he refused upon the ground to accept any compromise, his lordship fired: the ball took his left arm; but, heedless of the pain, and seeking only that death he in the agony of the moment fancied would release him from a life already miserable, he stood his ground and returned the fire. His aim was taken so ill, that it totally failed, and the second ball of lord Brauncestown penetrating his side, caused him instantly to fall. The first shock recovered, and fearful of alarming his friends, he insisted upon being first carried to lord Melfort's; and the attendants, suggesting to lord Brauncestown the danger of Melmot's situation, desired him to seek safety in flight; advice which, with the utmost readiness, he followed, leaving Melmot to the care of the gentleman who had accompanied him. A hackney coach was procured, in which, with the utmost care, he was placed, and carried, to Melfort house, where his lordship had him attended to with the greatest care. As soon as the effusion of blood was stopped, and the surgeon had performed the necessary operations, advice was sent to Percival, who instantly relinquished all resentment, hasted to his dying friend, and, hanging over him with agony, reflected that his hand might have reduced him to a similar situation.

Melmot requested that he would soften, as much as possible, the account of his danger to Maria, for the doctor had refused to flatter him with any hopes of his life. Percival, unable any longer to endure so painful a scene, retired to Westminster, where the fatal news had already arrived, and found Maria fainting beneath the weight of her terrifying apprehensions.—No persuasions could induce her to delay seeing Melmot, and, not regarding the alarming state she was already in, she insisted upon going with Susanna to lord Melfort's. The dreadful alteration that had taken place in his person, in the course of a few hours, so much shocked her, that she was carried senseless from the chamber; and Susanna, fearful of her being ill in that house, heedless of her remonstrances, had her carried home. Her distress at being separated from him, and terror for his safety, altogether operated so powerfully upon her spirits, that, in less than two hours, she was seized with a high fever and delirium.

Mrs. Bentley, whose age and many infirmities rendered her incapable of supporting the fatigue of attending on her young friend, was greatly relieved by the kindness of Miss Harley, who, hearing of the distressful adventure, would not be denied the satisfaction of assisting her; and, with unexampled generosity, attended Maria through an illness of a most alarming nature; while Susanna was equally vigilant in her care of Melmot, whose danger seemed to augment daily.

Penetrated with a sense of the most heartful gratitude, Maria daily reiterated her thanks.—

"How shall I, Miss Harley," she said, "ever know how to compensate you for all the trouble I am the cause of? To you I owe my life, and all that is dear to me——and to your brother my debt is not less——Alas! how am I repaying you?"

"Cease my dear girl," said Marianne, with assumed gaiety——"you are now doing me the greatest injury in your power——Do you know that the greatest happiness you can confer on a woman, is to let her have her will? Since then, it is mine to act in this manner I do, why should you seek to deprive me of the good you *can* obtain from me.

Thus did Marianne, in the most delicate manner, strive to remove the sense of obligation that so much depressed Maria, and endeavor by every charming assiduity, to remove the despondency that the increasing danger of Melmot created;—and at this period Miss Harley felt severely the loss of her father, of whose absence she knew the cause, but dared not reveal it until its success was ascertained, as her elder sister was in no other way useful than in presiding over the almost uninhabited house in Berkley street.

Lord Melfort was the diurnal messenger between the two houses, and beheld with admiration the tender conduct of Miss Harley. His lordship was now of an age rather unlover like; but as he had been remarkably handsome, he still retained some traces of it—such as a graceful deportment; a manly expressive face; and personal attraction. His age was not much exceeding forty; and as his insinuating address had ever been his advocate among the women, he doubted not that, under his present restricted conduct, his honorable addresses would not be unacceptable to some lady of tolerable attractions. During his career of folly, Miss Harley had been considered by him as a fine girl, and he had not unfrequently said, that, if she was not such a mere child, he should not think her unworthy of a more decided pursuit. Other passions, however, had diverted his thoughts, and Marianne was forgotten, till her amiable conduct now striking him very forcibly, and her beauty concurring, he began to think her an object of serious consideration.

Marianne, on her part, forgetting all the former failings of his lordship, put the most favorable construction on his attentions; and, not thinking of him in the light of a lover, beheld his reformation with pleasure, and conceived him entitled to her friendship, as the brother of her friend, who was so soon to be related to her.

With these sentiments, and no other did Marianne regard him; but his lordship, who well knew how soon friendship and esteem may be ripened into love, determined to let no means escape of improving himself in those virtues, of which her own exemplary conduct proved herself the admirer; and as he scorned to entertain an idea derogatory to her honor, he flattered himself that time and assiduity would effect his purpose.

Maria he had of late, in conformity with this new plan, ceased to consider as an object of desire; and his affection for Melmot, which amounted to a somewhat he was at a loss to define, confirmed him in principles of rectitude highly pleasing to his friends.

Poor Bromley, alone, felt not the cheering hand of Hope. Conceiving his death to be inevitable, he looked forward to a separation from Maria with resignation, as to the will of the Supreme!——a separation which no earthly power could have effected.

As Maria's health amended, she paid him short but daily visits, and by that means afforded him all the consolation he was capable of enjoying. The wound in his arm betrayed such rapid symptoms of mortification, that an amputation was hourly expected, an operation which was only retarded by the conviction he expressed, that he should not survive the deprivation; and as his fears heightened his disorder, it was judged best to leave all to nature. As the crisis approached, every heart sunk under the weight of its sorrows; himself alone waiting with resignation the awful fiat. Contrary to the opinion of all his physicians, his disorder took a favorable turn, and its violence seemed to abate; and his wounds from being less subject to irritation, seemed gradually to assume an appearance highly favorable to all their wishes, when an event took place that at once confirmed their sanguine expectations.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PLACENTIA.

A Character.

LONG has the epithet, "Old Maid," been considered as a term of reproach; and long has this unfortunate class of the fair sex been hunted down, like the timid hare, because they possess not the power to repel the repeated attacks of the ungenerous of both sexes.——Insensate must that heart be, which can refuse a tear of commiserative pity to the female whose virtue and tender sensibility may have placed her on the list of antiquated virgins——Placentia, in the bloom of youth, when the roseate hue of health adorned her vivid cheek; when each succeeding year presented still a fairer prospect, received the addresses of young Philander: two happy years passed away in all the sweets of courtship: the gentle Placentia whose tongue ever spoke the dictates of her heart, nor ever vibrated on the ear but in accents of the purest, most ingenuous truth, suspected not perfidy in him who had long enjoyed her confidence, and whose heart she possessed in exchange for her own——Mistaken fair!—The false Philander deserved not such a heart.—His groveling soul never felt the soft emotions of real love.——Skilled in the arts of base dissimulation, a pretented passion flowed from his delusive tongue, while his heart remained

"Cold as a dead lover's statue on a tomb."

He did not rob her of her virtue?—No; that was guarded by a superior power but he robbed her of her peace of mind; he plunged an ideal dagger in her soul, and then like the dark assassin, left her, a deserted wanderer on the world's wide common.

Placentia sustained the keenest anguish with a virtuous fortitude that would have added glory to the name of Portia. Oft, when the tear has started in her eye, checking the impulse of grief, she would exclaim, "Go false youth, *you* have triumphed, it is true; but never shall *another* flatterer say, that Placentia listened to his idle tale—no I abjure the sex! I fly from them for ever."

In spite of her fortitude, however, memory would present his image to her fancy; nor could her reluctant bosom suppress the rising sigh.—On a small

paternal fortune she had since retired to the country, where mild benevolence, and meek-eyed charity attend her every action: from her door the distressed traveller never retires unrelieved; the laborious sons of poverty, in the surrounding village, never sink on the bed of sickness for want of her consolatory assistance, nor does declining age drop neglected to the grave, while Placentia possesses ought that can protract the faint flame of life.—She encourages matrimonial connections among the rustics of the village, for she is conscious that matrimony, when attended by virtue, is the happiest state of mortality; but she is conscious also, that *she* cannot enjoy that happiness.---A variety of overtures have been made to induce her to change her condition, but in vain; her bosom, unlike that of the volatile coquette, is incapable of a second passion. Advantage has often been urged by her friends, as a plea; but her answer always is, "I hope I possess more generosity than to give my hand where my heart cannot accompany it." Thus is she proof against every attack; yet it cannot be said that she is lost to the world---no; perhaps in a single state, she is of more essential service to humanity, than if her hand had been in the possession of the perfidious Philander, nay, even if he had been worthy of her; for Placentia is one of those old maids who take virtue for their model, and whose actions are guided by motives of the purest sensibility.

The Female Sex Described by St. Pierre.

HOW little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature who in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense. They are only culling the flowers of life without tasting its fruits, The *Fair Sex*, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea, but besides this it is the creative sex which gives birth to man, and the cherishing sex which suckles and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion.

It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathizing sex which ministers to the sick and handles without hurting them.

From the (Charleston) City Gazette.

Mr. Editor,

NO doubt long before this time the gross relaxation of morals in this community has been particularly observed. The cause probably is known. So completely entwined are liberty and morality in a state, that any gross shock upon the one, is violence offered to the other. In no season of life do we require so much watching and care as in our youth; it is at that epoch when future prosperity is engrafted in the human soul. When the young idea is taught to shoot, and rear its noble crown above sublunary objects, how peculiarly visible does this fact appear? Youth assailed on every side by alluring scenes, unguided by discretion, assuredly bends to vice, and stands a monument of shame and remorse. From whence does this arise? The answer is plain and simple. The reins of parental government are too slack: the rod is too soon laid aside, and ere the swaddling band is removed, ideas of dissipated manhood arise, which, like the torrent, bursts aloud, carrying destruction in every swelling wave, and bidding defiance to every antidote.

A strange prepossession has crept in the brain of some persons, that trifling indulgencies can in no wise injure.—— Agreed, if they stop there. But how often does it happen that one indulgence begets another; that, another of superior order, and so on *in infinitum*, till a precedent is established, and desires as boundless as the ocean become candidates for satisfaction. This is a truth, a melancholy truth; and the blame may be well attributed to the parent who stares it in the face without offering a check.

Whether I am warrantable or not in my assertions, is beyond my province to discuss; but I wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens to an evil spreading itself in an alarming degree. I allude to a parcel of little boys, who have formed themselves into a military corps, with a view, I apprehend, of attracting the admiration of the citizens; but they are sadly mistaken. Not one in this community, of feeling, can countenance such proceedings; and while they draw the attention of a herd of blackguards and chimney-sweeps, who never fail to testify their concurrence by attending in herds at their review, they excite the derision and contempt of the genteeler part of this society.

In their first formation I thought nothing of it; but they have now arrived to that pitch of dressing in uniform, and possessing a full mounted cannon, as imperiously to call aloud for animadversion, and which are strong presumptions of the encouragement of their parents; and yet, true, many of them are the sons of respectable persons, who, instead of commanding their attention to polite education, and rendering them useful to their country, at that very age when most requisite, they suffer them to withdraw their attention, and embrace a life bidding fair to render them disrespectable. If the evil of their mustering stopped there, 'twould not be so heinous; but it is a step-ladder to carousing and drinking, which to other vices point a sure path.

"'Tis Education forms the common mind,
"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

I hope that although this trifle comes from an anonymous quarter, the parents of the youths in question will take a hint, and if they be not disposed to acquiesce in my observations, I seriously request them sincerely to reflect on the obligation they have entered into with nature respecting their offspring —upon how much depend their future respectability and virtue—how pleasing to see them arrive to reputation, and how corroding to behold them masses of ignominy and shame. The natural determination will suggest the propriety of closely adhering to the formation and preservation of their morals. "As I walked the other day, (says the Spectator) in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers, beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or modern culture: how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing and skilfully managing them: how many virtues are choaked by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations and first spring of life."

If, after what has been above observed, no change be effected, but a heedless journey on to ignominy be assisted, it may be said, woe to the rising generation; and perhaps the error may be discovered in the course of a miserable life—when

"Hope sickens with extravagance, and grief,
Of late impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours,
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm."

The above ideas, were hastily collected—however, by giving publicity to them, you'll confer an obligation on

WHISPER.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

NO person could be surprised to find, after all the expectation that had been raised, every avenue to Covent-Garden Theatre filled at an early hour on Saturday evening, when this phenomenon was to make his first appearance. Under the Portico in Bow-street, and the Piazza, a considerable number had assembled at two o'clock, and before five they became so very clamorous that it was found necessary to open the outer doors; the persons thus admitted into the passage which led to the bars, where the money is taken, found themselves much more uncomfortable than they were before, on account of the great pressure, and almost intolerable heat of the place.—On the inner door being opened, nearly all the first who gained admission, not being of the number of those who had taken places, forced their way over into the pit, which having thus so many inlets, was filled in about ten minutes. The few women who entered among the crowd suffered extremely, having their pelices torn, as were also the skirts of the gentlemen's coats, &c. The screams of the females were very distressing, and several fainted away, but we did not hear that any serious accidents happened. The pickpockets were busy, but we hope that few were so imprudent as to furnish them with the means of making much booty; two of them were fortunately secured by the activity of the police officers.

On the rising of the curtain, Mr. *C. Kemble* came forward to deliver a short Address, written for the occasion by Mr. *Taylor*, and which was announced in the bills; but the audience was of so miscellaneous a description, that the object of his appearance was not understood by many, and a great clamor ensued, which prevented any of the lines being heard distinctly, we have, however, procured a copy of them.—[*See page* 216.]

Like this Address the first scenes of Doctor *Brown's* well written, but rather heavy, tragedy, BARBAROSSA, (judiciously enough chosen for the *debut* of Master *Betty* in the juvenile part of *Achmet*, or more properly *Selim*) were rendered inaudible by the uproar which prevailed through the house; the appearance, however, of Mrs. *H. Siddons* in *Irene*, and Mrs. *Litchfield* in *Zaphira*, had the effect of lulling the tempest, and tolerable silence was afterwards observed.

It is not till the middle of the second act that *Achmet* is visible, when, as the interesting moment approached, a murmur of impatient expectation again entirely drowned the voices of the actors on the stage, and which broke forth on the entrance of the young hero in such a torrent of continued applause, as shook the Theatre to its foundation. It was full five minutes before he was able to speak, during which period he preserved a most graceful and picturesque deportment, though the servile habit of disguise which *Achmet* wears is ill calculated to give any advantage to figure.

His delivery of the first lines of the poet, beginning

"Hail, mighty Barbarossa!"

was such as to inspire a full confidence in his abilities, but it was in the next scene, with his friend *Othman*, that the audience were peculiarly struck by the sensibility of his tones, the beauty of his action, and the varying emotions which marked his countenance—His concluding speech—

'Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which revenge
'Mounts with redoubled fire!"

was delivered with an ardor that proved irresistible.

The interview with *Zaphira*, in the third act, was truly affecting. It was a glowing picture of all that is noble, impassioned, and heroic, in a youthful mind, ready to sacrifice life for the safety and honor of a beloved mother. The amiable and ardent emotions of filial tenderness never found a more natural personification; and he no less excelled, after her departure, in the expression of his fears, least the Tyrant should dishonor her, and of his resolution to rescue her from pollution. All his powers and judgment were most happily united to give an effect adequate to the feelings by which he is agitated in the soliloquy:—

——————"Now sleep and silence,
"Brood o'er the city. The devoted centinel
"Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
"Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
"In this dread interval, O busy thought,
"From outward things descend into thyself—
"Search deep my heart! Bring with thee awful conscience
"And firm resolve; that in the approaching hour
"Of blood and horror I may stand unmov'd;
"Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
"To strike where she forbids."

Every passage was deserving of the warmest praise; but if there was any one peculiarly striking, it is

"This very night the tyrant threatens violence:
I'll watch his steps: I'll haunt him thro' the palace;
And, should he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt!"

—The spirit and animation with which he delivered these lines electrified the house. All remembrance of the boy was lost in contemplation of the actor. He seemed to possess all the power of executing the menace. Two loud, prolonged, and distinct peals of applause, declared the enthusiastic admiration of the audience.

When in the fourth act he discovered himself to *Barbarossa*, the *Prince* was revealed in a blaze of Majesty that seemed to awe the Usurper, and although the interest of the Tragedy is but poorly managed, in the fifth, his genius kept it nearly on an equality with the preceding scenes, to the end of the piece, when he delivered the following concluding lines with such an awful dignity as made us entirely lose sight of the boy, and think we were listening to an actor of veteran celebrity:

"Now let us thank the Eternal Power; convinced,
"That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction:
"That off the cloud which wraps the present hour,
"Serves but to brighten all our future days!"

We confess we went to the Theatre rather sceptical, after all we had heard; but we now acknowledge that the powers of this young actor are astonishing: he is, however, as we have hinted, a mere boy; and we could wish that, after he has gratified the impatient town with a display of his abilities in all his principal parts, he would retire to his study till time has ripened him to man—At present, he is not without his faults. In some passages there is, perhaps, too great a rapidity of utterance, and his action may be considered by the cool judges of the art, too unrestrained and vehement.—His grand claim to pre-eminence in the profession is feeling, which so happily varies with the motives and cues for passion as to appear the working of Nature herself. His deportment is dignified and graceful without affectation, and his voice is strong and distinct, and, with very few exceptions, finely modulated.

On the fall of the curtain, on Saturday night, nine successive plaudits crowned his labors, which were repeated, on his second performance of the same character, being announced for this evening.

With the exception of Mrs. *Litchfield* in *Zaphira*, Mrs. *H. Siddons* in *Irene*, and *Murray* in *Othman*, the rest of the characters were very languidly performed.

The PRINCE of WALES sat in Lady *Melbourne's* box, where his Royal Highness remained an attentive observer of the astonishing performance of the Infant *Roscius*. In the scene where he discovers himself, and points to the scar on his forehead, the Prince took the lead in the loud and reiterated bursts of applause, which attended that uncommonly great display of his talents.

In the interval between the first scene and the time of Master *Betty's* coming forward, he sat on a bench in the Green Room by the side of Mr. *Knight*, the Comedian, where, instead of being employed, as other performers were, in reading his part, he amused himself in playing numberless boyish tricks with that gentleman. He forbade the Prompter to assist him, and indeed his assistance would have been altogether unnecessary. Behind the scenes were many of the first personages, both for rank and learning in the country. Besides the *Lord Chief Baron*, Lord *Melville*, Mr. *Conse*, the Counsel, &c. there were all the theatrical judges of merit. Mr. *Colman* was there, and he spoke of the youth in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration. Mr. *Kemble's* eyes were rivetted on him whenever he appeared, and that great connoisseur did not withhold his due meed of praise. Behind the scenes also were numerous groupes of Ladies of the first fashion, who were content to stand during the whole of the performance, in any hole or corner where they could get a glimpse of the wonderful boy. In the impassioned scenes where he was so wonderfully great, not only the tender-hearted fair shed tears in abundance, but even the most veteran performers did the same. The father of young *Betty* was behind the scenes during the whole of the play; and when it finished, he hurried the boy off the stage through a private door, in an instant, no doubt to avoid the crowd who would have pressed upon him with their congratulations. He will play every night this week, an exertion almost too great for his tender years and stripling form.

We suppose, on no former occasion was the Theatre so completely filled; few, however, staid to see the Farce.

DIVORCES.

THE surgeon, who is employed in patching up that frail piece of mechanism, the human body, applies lenitives, cataplasms, or the caustic, as the nature of the case may require. In like manner, the moralist, who employs himself in the repairing of that more frail material, the *mind*, must apply ridicule, satire, or the caustic of reprehension.

It is remarkable, that the most important, has ever been considered as the most ridiculous and laughable event of human life:—I mean matrimony. The bonds of marriage sat sufficiently loose on society, before the French made them a perfect nullity.—An inseparable connexion for life may, in some cases, be considered as an evil; but where the parties know there is no remedy, they will commonly be more circumspect in their conduct. Were a legal separation can be procured without difficulty, married people will frequently become careless, and sometimes run into those excesses which will lead to the end they have in view.—By the gospel dispensation, divorces appear to be prohibited in all cases except for a breach of the seventh commandment; and Moses is excused for allowing the Jews a writing of divorcement, as he did it *because of the hardness of their hearts.*

I have been led into reflections on this subject by the numerous postings of husbands and wives, and advertisements for divorces, which we see in the public papers.—These practices I conceive to be immoral in themselves, and the result of a great relaxation of morals in society. They are carried to so blamable an excess, that a man in a neighboring state lately applied to an eminent attorney to procure him a divorce—*because his wife, when she made the bed, put the greatest part of the feathers on her own side of it!*

Providence Gaz.

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

From a Manuscript of Dean Swift.

NOT to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish morose or suspicious.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous—the hardest of all to be kept.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but to make allowance for their youthful follies and weakness.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to the knavish tatling of other servants.

Not be too free of advice, nor to trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me, which of those resolutions I break or neglect, and to reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself—*very hard again.*

Not to hearken to flatterers, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman.

Not to be positive, or opinionative.

Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 6, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 35 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 15—cold 1—debility 2—puerperal fever 1—scarlet fever 1—murdered 1 (Mrs. Banks in the Bowery)—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 2—still born 4—suicide 2—vomiting blood 1—convulsions 3—and dropsy 1

Of whom 14 were men—11 women—8 boys—and 2 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between 10 and 20—6 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—5 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 2 between 70 and 80.

At the February term of the supreme court of Vermont holden at Manchester, in the county of Bennington, came on the trial of John Johnson, who was indicted for the murder of Miss Everts a young girl of Sunderland, in said county.

The evidence given against the prisoner on the part of the state was, in substance, that the said Johnson had set himself up in the vicinity as a cancer doctor, and pretended that he had performed miraculous cures in that and many other disorders. The parents of the deceased hearing of his *fame* sent for him to call and see their daughter, a girl of about eighteen years of age, who had been delirious for some time, so that they were obliged to confine her. Upon the said Johnson's calling on her, her parents enquired if he could cure their daughter?——He said he could most certainly cure her—that he had cured many persons apparently in her situation. He was then enquired of where he had acquired this great skill above all other doctors? He said he had read a great many German authors and had acquired much knowledge, and had got much information from the native Indians, and he thought more than from any other quarter. He then observed, that she must be put to sleep, or *laid*, as he expressed it. The mother fearful he was about to administer opium, says, I fear you are about to give my daughter opium. The respondent answered he would not give her opium. He said he had an Indian root, which put in rum would soon *lay her*, and *break the charm*, and when she awaked she would be perfectly well. He then went away to a neighbor's house to prepare his medicine, where he was seen to put a large quantity of opium into water: the quantity could not be accurately ascertained, but the witness said he should judge enough to kill three persons.——

He returned to his patient again after looking attentively through the Almanack, and the signs in particular; he observed, that it was as good a time to administer his medicine that day as any, but it would take double the quantity of rum to lay her that day to what it would the next. He then had nearly a quart of rum, and a small vessel given him to put in and mix his medicine; with which he went to the room where the girl was confined, and observed that he must be alone with her, and that he must not be disturbed until he had laid her. After he had been alone with the girl about half an hour the mother and a son went to listen, being anxious to know what was going on in the room, heard nothing but the girl say get away, which the witness said was a common expression to the family if any of them only spoke to her—they soon returned. The mother being very uneasy, went and opened the door, found the respondent near it, her daughter being apparently lifeless on the floor, in a moist sweat. She was soon taken up, dressed in another apparel and put into bed, which was about three o'clock, P. M. The doctor observed that he must have something to drink, for he had a very hard time of it in *laying her*, and the rum which he had taken in the room with him was gone.

The girl remained in this situation until about one or two o'clock at night. The family being in bed except the mother, the doctor proposed to go to bed to the daughter, and observed it was necessary,—and that they being alone it would not be known (or words to that import.) The doctor immediately sprung into the bed, put his arm round the girl, turned her face towards him—she soon puked on the doctor, when he immediately quit the bed. The girl expired in a few minutes.

There was strong suspicion entertained that the doctor was guilty of obscene conduct while alone with the girl. But there was not evidence sufficient to satisfy the jury of that fact.

The jury, after retiring about three hours, found Johnson not guilty of murder, but guilty of man-slaughter.

The court sentenced him to receive thirty-nine stripes, to stand in the pillory one hour, to pay costs, and stand committed until sentence was complied with.

LONDON FASHIONS

For February.

Turbans still have the pre-eminence, and will, no noubt, be the universal fashion for this season. The velvet tiara of green Marone, Egyptian earth, &c. ornamented with pearls and diamonds, are very elegant. Dress hats and plumes, in the Spanish style, with pearl bandeaus under the fronts. The Taira turban will be certainly adopted—it is splendid and elegant. The dresses are extremely short waisted; the sleeves very short, and trains as usual particularly long; many are made of colored patent nets, embroidered with gold and silver, worn over white sarsnet train petticoats. Sprigged lenoes and thin muslin, white satin and swansdown, sarsnet dresses trimmed with frivolity and covered with white crape, are also much worn for dress.

Morning dress.—High collars and long sleeves, chiefly of white corded cambrics, trimmed round the bottom; velvet bonnets and pelisses of every color, are still much in fashion; many spencers with Spanish cloaks of the same, trimmed with broad lace, are visible in the beau monde. The dresses are more fashionable, trimmed with tulle, than any other kind of lace. Opera coats are much worn, of pale pink and blue satin, trimmed with white fur;

and white muffs and tippets. The fans cannot be too brilliant for the present fashion.—Ruby colored shoes are the most elegant.

A few days ago, a circumstance happened at Beverly which in a striking manner, shows the interference of Divine Providence; A soldier belonging to the Cumberland Militia, now in quarters at Beverly, had been out in company with some others of his comrades, in pursuit of a deserter. On his return home, he, in a fit of wantonness, presented his piece close to the ear of one of his fellow soldiers, in order, perhaps, to frighten him: But the other, with great *sang froid*, saying "Don't put the piece to my ear, I had rather have a ball thro' my gullet!" His comrade accordingly complied, and, putting the muzzle into his mouth, snapped the musket, which, however, did not go off. Taking it out of his mouth, he cocked again, and presented it upwards; when, at the first touch of the trigger, the piece exploded, and sent the ball thro' the roof.

The reverend Mr. Gilbert, of Yorkshire, for one hundred guineas paid to a nobleman about two years ago, receives a guinea a day as long as Bonaparte lives.

Lon. pap.

DIED,

Died, suddenly, on Friday last, Mr. Charles Stewart, Grocer, Murray Street.

On Sunday morning, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. John Ronalds, Bookseller, of this City.

Same day, of an apoplectic fit, in the 55th year of his age, Dr. Jean Perrein, a native of France, and member of the Society of Sciences, and Belle Lettres, Bordeaux.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. Sarah Alexander, relict of the late Major General Lord Sterling.

In Calcutta, in October last, Ram Ghunder Benorjea, a Hindu merchant, well known to Americans, who have of late years visited that port: he has left an estate of about 400,000 dollars.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening 31st ult. Mr. Josiah Purdy, to Miss Mary Seaman, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, captain Henry Fanning to Miss Ann Davoue, daughter of Frederick Davoue, merchant, of this City.

On Sunday evening, 24th ult. Mr. Frederick Dunn, to Miss Margaret Frederick, both of this city.

ORATORIOS.

DR. JACKSON informs his friends and the public, the 1st Selection will be on Monday, April the 8th,

2. Selection, April the 10th,

3. Selection, April the 13th,

At the *French Church du saint esprit*, Pine-street. Tickets to be had of Dr. Jackson, No. 2 Pine-street, near Broadway, at 75 cents each; and on the evenings of performance, at the church door likewise. Books with the words, at one shilling each.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

PUPLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,

No. 250 Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Cepper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Jappan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite easendat afety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G, & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery-lane.

ADDRESS,

Delivered by Mr. C. Kemble, on the first appearance of YOUNG ROSCIUS *at*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

IMPATIENT for renown, all hope and fear,
How many a Candidate has ventured here:
Where dawning merit never miss'd its aim,
But reach'd, by due degrees, the heights of fame.
Yet now, unheeding Study's servile cares,
(So Rumour, with her hundred tongues, declares)
A youth your favor courts, whose early prime
Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring Time;
Mature at once, when Nature urg'd he strove,
Starting like Pallas from the brain of Jove.
But think not, though on fortune's swelling tide,
Led by exulting Fame in travels wide—
Think not he comes with vain triumphant hail,
Nor dreads the dangers of an adverse gale.
Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
Through his bright track, to bear aloft his name;
And to complete at length his bold career,
Have rent his little bark in safety here;
Not pride but gratitude has warm'd his breast,
And hence alarms his modest doubts suggest,
Lest that applause has been with gen'rous rage,
Not lavish'd on his genius but his age.
He knows the temper of a British mind,
For merit zealous, but to error kind;
Nor can he deem his honors justly due,
"Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd, by you."

(From the Salem Gazette.)

PARODY

Of Romeo's description of an Apothecary.

I DO remember an old bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow,
Conning his book;—and meagre with his looks—
Celibacy had worn him to the bones;
And in his silent parlor hung a coat
The which the moths had used not less than he—
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk
Made up the furniture, and on his shelves
A grease clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, a box of old segars,
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye
Of prying stranger,—*this man had no wife*——
His tattered elbow gape'd most piteously,
And ever as he turn'd him round, his skin
Did thro' his stockings peep upon the day—
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would show it him
In such most dismal colors, that the shrew,
Or slut, or ideot, or the gossip spouse
Were each an heav'n, compar'd with such a life—
But this same thought does not forerun my need,
Nor shall this bachelor tempt *me* to wed—
As I remember this should be the house;
Being Sabbath noon, the outer door is shut——

CALEBES

(From the Providence Gazette)

DIALOGUE,

For the benefit of despairing lovers, whenever their mistresses discard them.

CHLOE.

FALSE lover, turn; thy oaths forego!
All oaths in love are wrong;
The more you swear, the more I know
That love can't hold you long.

Remember how I heard you swear
To Delia, in the grove:
'Twas love me, Delia! love me, dear!
Or I shall die with love!

ALBERT.

Sweet Chloe, shut those ruby lips!
'Tis true, I lov'd her then;
But, if she did not tell me fibs,
She lov'd me not again.

And he that on his knees will whine,
As dogs do to the moon,
For one that heeds him not, I ween,
Must be a silly loon.

The following whimsical Epitaph is on a Tomb-stone in Thetford Church-Yard.

My Grandmother was buried here,
My Cousin JANE, and two Uncles dear.
My father perished with a mortification in his thighs;
My Sister dropt down dead in the Minories.
But the reason why I'm here interr'd, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long.
Beware of drinking Brandy, Gin, or any thing strong.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, touching christ decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEXELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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